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ment had to go to Florida for the winter. He was not sufficiently strong to undertake the journey until the following August. His original intention was to study at Munich, but by the emphatic advice of his friend, the late William M. Hunt, he changed his mind, and proceeded to Paris. There, he at once entered the studio of M. Bonnat.

With the approach of winter came a recurrence of his trouble. Before he had been a month at work he was ordered by his physician to the south of France. There, however, he was in a measure compensated for the interruption to his studies by making the acquaintance of F. A. Bridgman, which afterward ripened into a warm friendship. He went with Mr. Bridgman, in the winter of 1873, to the Nile, where the two passed four months of boating life, sketching and gathering artistic material.

On his return to Paris, however, the hemorrhage which had before been such an obstacle to his ambition again became troublesome, and this time, as winter drew on, he had to betake himself to Algiers. For several succeeding years he followed a similar mode of life, working in Paris while the climate permitted and in the winter journeying to Mentone, or Nice, or San Rafael, or some other southern sanitarium. He, besides, found it often impossible, even in quite mild weather, to stand the close atmosphere, the draughts and other physical inconveniences of the school, and, finally, he was obliged to confine his studies to his own studio, where M. Bonnat, a generous and warm-hearted man, visited him frequently to criticise and encourage.

Under all these difficulties, and while hampered by painful and alarming interruptions, Mr. Pearce soon managed to attract public notice to his work. The "Lamentations over the Death of the First-born," a scene of ancient Egyptian life, which will be remembered as having been on exhibition in New York some years ago, and the "Sacrifice of Abraham" were among his earliest pictures. The former gained him a valuable commission, which brought him to England to paint the portraits of Lord and Lady Harris. He received the "Mention Honorable" of the Salon for his "Decapitation of St. John the Baptist," in 1881,

owned by the Chicago Art Institute. The work upon this picture was interrupted and delayed nearly a year by a recurrence of his malady, which exiled him from his studio. His family feel indebted for his life and his subsequent successes to the affectionate care and nursing, during this period of illness, of his friend and brother artist, E. H. Blashfield.

Among Mr. Pearce's less known early efforts are the picture of an Italian girl, shown at the thirty-fifth annual reception of the Brooklyn Art Association in 1878. This was an academic painting, and something of the classroom clung to it, but even then his coloring was rich without being obtrusive, and the picture was notable for the expression of the countenance, and the naturalistic rendering of textures. After the "Lamentations over the Death of the First-born," mentioned above, the next of Mr. Pearce's works which reached America was the "Sacrifice of Abraham," which was on exhibition in Boston in 1879. It was considered remarkable work for a young artist, and to have shown a rapid advance, when compared with the former picture, in mastering the essentials of his art. It was broadly and carefully painted, finely drawn, and the details, notwithstanding the size of the canvas, were worked out with care, but without belittling the effect of the whole. His life-size portrait of a young lady, Miss Walworth, from the Paris Salon of 1876, was hung at the Art Club Exhibition in Boston, in 1877. It showed that his development was still in the same line, and with increased strength and character, but refinement still seemed to some to be wanting. "The Statue of Memnon" and a "Street Scene in Cairo" came the next year, and are said by those who have seen them to be marked by great

originality and force, reproducing Egyptian characteristics with wonderful success—the desert, the atmosphere, the peculiar life. "A Disappointment," called at first "Rendezvous Manqué," found its way to Philadelphia in 1880. Its subject was very different from those of former efforts. It shows a black-haired and dark-eyed girl, with a large hat of blue-green satin, white satin dress, and an armful of flowers, alone in a wooded landscape. The textures of the satin and of the feathers of the hat were still the best things in this picture, which was purchased by Mr. Story. The "Decapitation of St. John the Baptist" was the next

Salon of 1882 by Mesdag, the noted Dutch painter of marine subjects. A number of other pictures of children—"Moments of Sadness," "Waiting," "Aicha," "The Little Nurse," "Orange Merchant," and "Loretta"—were purchased by Mr. Lowell. "Re-



STUDY. (PÈRE BAINVILLE.) BY CHARLES SPRAGUE PEARCE.

pose," illustrated herewith, was painted for the Munich Exposition of the present year, and has been already bought for the collection of a Boston gentleman.

The turning from sad or dismal to more wholesome subjects has been attended by a marked gain in important artistic qualities. "The Water-Carrier" and the "Prelude" show a unity and breadth not always found in the earlier works. More than this, the quality of feeling—thought to be wanting to the painter because he did not care to give more than an indication of such sentiment as must have suggested the subjects of the "Death of the First-born" and the "Sacrifice of Abraham"—he could better express in pictures full of a gentle melancholy or a tender regard for the beauties of every-day life. All of this improvement is the result not so much of continued studies as of returning health, which has enabled him to finish a work "at a blow." As everything leads to the expectation that this recovery of health will be permanent, further progress may confidently be looked for; and even now we may rank Mr. Pearce with that band of young Americans who have of late years done so much for art and for their country's fame, and which includes his friends Bridgman and Blashfield.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY.

THE Academy at Philadelphia has an exhibition of paintings which is as good as that of our own Academy is bad, and that is saying a great deal.

Its special features are the abundance and fine quality of work by American students in Paris and Munich, particularly by the Paris men; the two large historical paintings by Philadelphians, the results of the Temple prize; and the generally fresh and hopeful character of works by students, amateurs and persons engaged in other employments. Most of the pictures sent by artists residing at present in Europe are of generous size, and many of them are magnificent works of art which would be a credit to any exhibition in the world, and which Breton, Bonnat, or Lefebvre need not be ashamed to call their own—works, in short, fully up to the world's best standard of art of the present day.

Of Charles S. Pearce, to whose biography we give place in the present number of THE ART AMATEUR, there are two splendid examples. His portrait of a young Japanese Daimio will, it is safe to say, be re-



STUDY. (ROSINA—CAPRI.) BY CHARLES SPRAGUE PEARCE.

they.

You. date he was the fourth American who had not distinguished. To this painting was also that the highest prize of the Pennsylvania Academy of Arts for the best figure painting in its history of 1881. It has been purchased, and is now

year's picture. It received honorable mention at the Salon, and was exhibited in Boston in September, 1881. After this the artist turned his attention once more to pleasanter themes. His "Rosina," a portrait of a little Capriote girl, was purchased from the

marked by everybody. The young man is of the type of the southern Japanese, of stouter and larger build than ordinary. His black hair falls in two heavy masses on either side of his sallow but expressive face. He is robed in a white stuff figured with flowers of various colors. His sword scabbard is thrust through a dark crimson sash, above which he wears another of pale green. His right hand is on the lacquered hilt of the sword—the left on his hip. It is a "killing" exhibition picture. Nothing can stand up against this impressive figure in white and bright colors thrown forward by a dark background. Examined closely, the painting, though nowhere careless or failing of its intent, falls short of absolute mastery. A better picture by the same artist, though not so attractive at the first glance, is the head of a nun, called "Meditation." In this there is no more color than is afforded by the tints of the face, the white wimple and the black hood. But the expression is more refined, and the brush-work more precise and masterly.

G. Ruger Donoho has been a contributor to our ex-

other exhibit is not so wide a departure from his former work, nor is it quite so good. It is mainly composed of a foreground of tangled weeds and saplings (*mauvaises herbes*), through which a peasant girl and two shaggy calves are forcing their way. There is a rich strip of meadow farther on and some cottages with another belt of wood of better growth. This is a sufficiently difficult subject, it will be admitted, to make anything out of, yet the best of our old-time painters of such subjects could produce nothing that would not look like child's play beside it.

Another new man who has astonishingly good work to show is S. W. Chambers, whose woman minding sheep in a wild moorland landscape is as good a study as one need wish to look upon. The sheep, wonderful to relate, are not quite so good as the human figure, whose pose and expression are admirable. Alexander Harrison is represented by two works painted in very different manners. People will be divided about the merits of his hare-brained Italian youth, left, much against his will, to mind four or five mullets which are for sale at the foot of an old wall

Among the other young artists whose studies have evidently been pursued in France, Charles H. Davis has the interior of a small wood with moss-grown cottage roofs appearing over a long wall and some figures burning brush, "Le Bout du Village." Birge Harrison has another wood interior with a figure in a white dress. Robert H. Monks shows a landscape nearly all foreground, with a leafless osier, a little stream breaking out of the ground between some rough stones and a few houses and ruined walls in the background. It is as well painted as all these pictures are. Kenyon Cox has a curious landscape of almost similar character. A meadow rises in a gentle sweep to a group of buildings on the line near the top of the picture. A wall runs down from the buildings to the right with a large gateway flanked by two massive stone piers. There is a pink twilight sky. In the foreground, a little girl in indigo blue, with a tow head and red cheeks, is plucking some thistle-down. Two other youngsters are seated on the grass near the wall. This is very well done as to technique, and is pervaded by that poetic realism which is the



"DANDELIONS." SKETCH BY CHARLES SPRAGUE PEARCE.

hibitions for a few years of that particular variety of landscape which certain French painters of our day and their pupils most affect; that is to say, plantations of young trees with little sky or distance and with foregrounds of tangled grass and weeds. This time he strikes out in two new directions at once. One of these is a picture of a Normandy woman in a light blue gown, who is picking primroses in a grassy valley at the foot of a hill which mounts almost to the top of the canvas. With one hand she supports herself by the trunk of a young poplar while gazing at a number of tufts of the yellow flowers in the grass at her feet. The coloring is cool but natural and harmonious, and the drawing and relief and the rendering of the qualities of the atmosphere is excellent. His

covered with crumbling pink stucco. It is a very good study of textures and color in Couture's way. His other picture of two young hobbledoys in a boat, on a pond covered with water-lily pads, fishing with a single home-made rod, will probably be found the more attractive. The humor is equally fine and delicate, the color almost as rich, though more quiet and subdued, and a story is suggested in the way in which the two occupants of the boat grasp the rod at once, feeling a bite, almost getting the rowlocks under water. The figures in this exquisite bit of drollery are about half life size and admirably done, as also is the water with the reflection of a golden evening sky, and the half-mown mead beyond the edge of the pond.

life of the French school of the present day. Anna Lowstadt Chadwick's painting of two fishermen and a little boy enjoying some savory mess, which they have cooked in a large iron pot on the beach, is not quite so satisfactory, though it is plain that the artist has gone a long distance on the road toward success. One of the most striking effects in the exhibition is an interior, apparently of a Venetian studio, by Mr. Curtis. A young lady in blue is seated at one end of a low sofa or ottoman covered in greenish gray. Above this appears a section of dark-brown wall over which are seen through the long window a number of house-tops with dormers and a shred of sky. A big Japanese umbrella describes a quarter-circle of red, blue and black in the upper corner to the left.

Heavy curtains of pale blue gray hang just behind the young lady, who is inhaling the scent of a branch of white lilac. More lilacs, a basin full of water, an open paint-box, a sketch block and other things litter the sofa. It is a scene of the most interesting artistic confusion, and is capitally done.

Our resident New York artists do not make much of a show, and one begins to wonder what they can have been doing of late. Possibly the coming exhibition of the Society of American Artists and the Spring Exhibition of the Academy will show. William M. Chase is represented by his river scene, well known in New York; Mr. Shirlaw by a sketch several years old of some apple trees and a reedy stream; Mr. Quartley by "A Long Island Shipyard," with rather fussy foreground, an unsubstantial-looking hull upon the stays, and a tormented sky. His friends and acquaintances will be glad to know that Edward Dowdall comes out almost as strong as any of the Parisians with a handsome, laughing girl in white, posed against a pale blue curtain. The face and arms and hands are beautifully painted; the coloring is agreeable and truthful; the pose unaffected. Robert Vonnoh is the only one of the Munich men who, while keeping strictly to the teachings of his school, has made a hit. His portrait of a young man with a blonde mustache is a fine piece of work.

This is the first year in which the Temple endowment for the purchase of works of art becomes available. It produces now \$1800 per year. This Mr. Temple has increased to \$3000 to provide for a competition in historical painting. The competition has brought out two clever and important pictures, either of which might fairly be adjudged the prize. The best, in our opinion, is Sarah P. Dodson's "Signing the Declaration." This is, we believe, the largest picture in the exhibition. It is full of figures, arranged in animated groups and very well painted. The faces, costumes and accessories seem to have been carefully studied from authentic relics and documents of the Revolutionary time. Some of the distant figures appear to be little more than blocked in as if there was not time to finish them. They hold their places well, however, and do not interfere with the general effect of the picture. The other composition represents the taking of the oath of allegiance at Valley Forge. Washington stands in the foreground to the right and Aide-de-camp John Laurens behind him. Lord Stirling, Baron Steuben, De Kalb and General Wayne are grouped about a round table on which rests the Bible in the centre. St. Clair, Hamilton and Tilghman are near a desk in the corner. The faces of all except Washington have been left in an unsatisfactory condition, otherwise the painting is complete. The grouping is very spirited, and what with the uniforms of the officers and the background of white panelled wall the color effect is quite agreeable. These two pictures should serve to turn the ambitions of more of our young painters into this channel. "The March to Valley Forge," by W. T. Trego, was perhaps intended at first for this competition, but though the artist has made it evident that he possesses talent, his utter lack of skill is too apparent to give him the ghost of a chance.

Of the less important paintings many are nevertheless remarkably good or very promising. E. L. Weeks has several East Indian subjects glowing with color, full of life and strange incident and scenery. "The Maharajah's Boat on the Ganges" shows the water front of a ghaut at Benares, the steps thronged with people, who are watching the great barge with a wooden peacock at its prow being propelled into the stream by a score of rowers in crimson tunics. S. Van Schaik has another Eastern subject—two old Moors, one of them testing the elasticity of a sword-blade—which is quite as good. F. Brownell has some women spinning; S. T. Darra's an evening landscape without form but good in tone; C. Coleman some things and a flower branch arranged, not badly, against a wall; F. S. Church one of his pink-and-white designs suitable for the cover of a bon-bon box. More hopeful are "Pater Noster," by Carl J. Melchers; "The Young Boat-Builders," by M. W. Lesley; "By the Sea," B. F. Gilman; "Idyl," F. E. Kirkpatrick; and "Rainy Day at Pont Aven," Clifford P. Grayson. "Old Age," by F. S. Dellenbaugh, should have been mentioned among the unquestioned successes of the exhibition, and so also should have been a landscape with sand dunes and

rocks, by H. Bolton Jones. Even now, we are in all probability passing over several excellent works, as many were yet unhung at the time of our visit. The exhibition, as a whole, gives more hope for the future of American art than any that has taken place in a long time.

ROGER RIORDAN.

AUTUMN EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

THE National Academy of Design appears to be in the last throes. We shall never again know it as we knew it of yore, confident in its full possession of the field, loading the walls of its exhibition rooms with scores of wretched and silly daubs, denying in the press the first principles of painting, sneering at Corot and Millet and Rousseau, and snubbing the unfortunate young men who had had the conscience to get themselves taught something of art before setting up as artists. One or two more feeble efforts it may make, but the end is evidently not very far off.

The nature of the present display would seem to indicate that it has at last—too late—begun to dawn upon the managers that younger men must in future produce the work that shall be known, whether at home or abroad, as American. The Hudson River School has almost died out; the Coast of Maine School is dying, and the painters of barefooted boys, of "slicked-up" shoeblacks, of Seville orange-women and ideal heads, are becoming fewer, and some of them appear to be growing ashamed of their wretched performances. At any rate there is a smaller percentage of such work in this exhibition than in any that has been held for years in the Academy building. But it is noteworthy that there is also less good work by the younger artists. These, with few exceptions, seem to have turned their backs on the Academy in disdain; so that although the total number of works exhibited is but three hundred and fifty-seven, the standard of the exhibition is not raised, but is rather lower than even that of last year. The show looks better, to be sure, at the first glance; but that is only because there is less of it.

Occupying what has come to be a position of honor in the corridor at the head of the stairs is Rosina Emmet's "Autumn," a life-size figure of a girl in a greenish gown arranging some autumn foliage and flowers about what appears to be a painted leather screen. The figure, though not very well done, is the only part of the picture that is at all satisfactory. The accessories are poorly painted, and the composition is awkward and confused. It is a distinct falling off from her former work. Immediately over it is one of the best bits of painting in the exhibition, a still-life study of "Hydrangeas," showing a just appreciation of tones of color. This is by Ward W. Wright. "Peonies," by Elizabeth Boott, "Still Life," by J. Louis Webb, and "Rhododendrons," by Kate H. Greatorex, are fairly successful. The flower painters are but poorly represented. The "Marigolds" of Julia Dillon are not quite up to what we have a right to expect of her. Julie H. Beers is going backward, and Effie B. Wilmarth is not up to her usual standard. It is always a puzzle to account for the tendency of painters of flowers and still-life to choose for their exhibition pictures such difficult and thankless subjects as haphazard collections of milk-weed pods, shreds of birch-bark and bunches of asters and golden-rods. M. J. Seabury might certainly have spent her time to better purpose than in painting her "November Study," which is composed of matters of this sort.

In the East Gallery we come across some works of the old, old type, soon, let us hope, to be banished forever from our exhibitions. Others are not so bad. Otto Stark shows, at least, good intentions in his figure of an old shoemaker, mostly in shade, examining the sole of a badly-worn brogan. Fred J. Waugh's "Midsummer Day" is a pleasant little landscape with apple trees, cabbages, white hens and gray grass. Charles F. Ulrich's "Engraver on Glass" is another of his rather photographic studies, excellent in its way, though not in the least a picture. Let us be thankful, though, for excellence of any kind. "A Broken Necklace," by J. T. Beele, "Preparing for the Masked Ball," by Edward Grenet, and "Dog Talk," by John M. Tracy, are much above the average of the exhibition. "Lucy and her Pet," by Helen C. Hovenden, is very promising.

J. W. Alexander's life-size, full-length portrait of a little girl in the South Gallery is cruder but also broader and more artist-like work than what we have been used to see by him. "A Garden Nook, Nantucket," is one of Mr. Dielman's quaint and pleasing little canvases. There is a curious declaration of love à la Breton in "An Inn," by Charles X. Harris. "Cloud and Sunset, Long Island," is a theatrical landscape with crude greens and hard foliage and sky. It is by Thomas Moran. The younger Morans, Percy and Leon, have, as usual, a large number of cleverly painted out-of-door subjects in which progress is not very perceptible. "An Idyl," by Fred J. Waugh, is a picture of a nude creature of the female sex sitting in a painful and precarious position on a narrow horizontal limb of a tree above a garden full of flowers. "Light and Shade," by Frederick W. Freer, is a study of a pretty young lady who appears to have made a very liberal use of pearl powder on her arms and neck. "Where Noonday is as Twilight" is a strong wood interior with a seated female figure, by Dielman. Hamilton Hamilton has a picture of two girls "Caught in a Shower" of paint. "A Spare Minute," by S. J. Guy, is composed, as Thoreau said Boston was, mainly of barrels.

The West Gallery is illuminated by one of J. H. Beard's jokes about animals. How many generations of wicked little boys and girls have laughed at those atrocious jokes of Mr. Beard's just as they would have enjoyed plunging pussy in the washtub, or attaching an old kettle to Rover's tail? But already these curious paintings begin to look out of place at the Academy. There are dealers in colored lithographs in William Street who would doubtless exhibit Mr. Beard's comic creations in their show-windows along with caricatures of boxing-matches and portraits of celebrated editors. Another lugubrious joke is "Birds of a Feather," by W. A. Coffin. It would be more correct to term them birds without a feather, for one is a paper duck and the other is a skeleton. They are much better painted, however, than Mr. Beard's terrier and spider, and on that score, at least, have a perfect right to their place. The ghosts of two boys who were drowned while fishing on Sunday form the subject of "The Patient Fisherman," by M. S. Waterhouse. There is a fair landscape, "Pasture and Meadow," by Charles Melville Dewey, and a cleverer one, but not so good, after all, by C. Morgan McIlhenny, "In the Shadow of the Maples." "Reflection," by Douglas Volk, will make those reflect who thought they saw in the three or four tours de force which this young painter has produced evidence of real talent. It is refreshing to come upon one such work in this exhibition as William P. W. Dana's "Foggy Day." Mr. Dana's larger landscape in the South Gallery is not nearly so good, and the contrast between the two brings up once more the principle which many of our younger and cleverer artists have tried to impress upon the public, that a man's best work is not usually his most ambitious or most labored.

ROBERT JARVIS.

THE SKETCH EXHIBITION.

THE second annual exhibition of sketches and studies at the American Art Gallery is an improvement upon the similar exhibition of last year. Still it contains a large number of works which ought not to have been accepted. Coming into the rooms, however, from the Academy show, one is agreeably impressed at the outset by the earnest, spontaneous and hopeful character of much of the work here shown. There are works of the same kind at the Academy, but there they are a small minority; here fully one half the exhibits excite respect and attract attention, if but for a moment. The very first number is a very respectable little study of rocks and sky over an "Unused Road," by H. L. Hillyer. Near it is a good sketch of a head by C. N. Flagg. Maitland Armstrong has a study of "Autumn Fields" and an excellent picture of the "Water Gate" of a Breton farm. The latter has been seen before, but will well repay looking at a second and a third time. "Brace's Cove, Cape Ann," by F. K. M. Rehn, is far better than anything of like subject in the Academy. "My Country Cousin," by J. Carroll Beckwith, is interesting from its naivetés. "A Hillside."